

## **Mindfulness.**

In the dark of night, beneath a moonless sky,  
Creeping shadows dance with whispered sighs.

A chilling wind pierces the soul's core,  
As I venture to a place I fear to explore.

Through the ancient woods, where legends lie,

Echoes of forgotten tales make me sigh.

Whispers of spirits as old as time,  
The somber rhythm of a bell's forlorn chime.

Within the mist, a haunted mansion stands,  
Its walls adorned with despair's cold hands.

Cobwebs cling, like a sinister embrace,  
A dwelling marred by a malevolent grace.

Through creaking doors, I step inside,  
Into a realm where ghastly souls abide.

Eyes that glow with an eerie light,  
Peering from the depths of eternal night.

Whispers echo through the dilapidated hall,

As specters dance, prisoners of their fall.

Their wails of anguish fill the stagnant air,  
Suffocating my heart with grim despair.

A specter's touch, icy fingers on my skin,

A shiver crawls from deep within.

A chorus of screams makes my senses reel,  
In this nightmare realm where dread is all that's real.

As moonlight fades and darkness reigns,  
The presence of evil waxes and strains.  
An unseen force grips my trembling soul,  
In this house of horrors, I lose control.

Awakened spirits with a vengeful gleam,  
Lament their fate and curse their dream.  
Haunted voices rise from the abyss,  
Reminding me of the horrors I dismiss.

In this macabre dance of eternal fright,  
I gasp for breath with all my might.  
Yet, the nightmare persists, a demonic gale,  
As I become one with this haunted tale.

Dreadful visions swirl within my mind,  
Unseen terrors that no one can find.  
In this grim nightmare, I am ensnared,  
Forever lost, forever scared.

### **Who Are We in The Dark?**

In shadows cast by a sunlit hour,  
A whispered embrace of feelings sour.  
Through fingertips, a tremor lies,  
A subtle tale of sorrow's guise.  
Where once the heart, a fluttering bird,  
Now rests within a cage unheard.  
A gentle murmur in the night,

A fragile tremor, hidden from sight.

These depths, a cavern veiled in mist,  
Where heavy thoughts persist, persist.

Yet in the world, a smile is worn,  
Concealing secrets, forlornly torn.  
The twilight's hues, a somber grace,  
Reflecting whispers without a trace.  
Subtle echoes in the soul's abyss,  
Lost amidst life's endless abyss.

The laughter rings, a muffled strain,  
A cloak of shadows that guards the pain.  
But eyes, like windows, cannot deceive,  
For in their depths, the sadness cleaves.  
Silent battles fought behind closed doors,  
With weary hearts, in search of shores.  
Yet hope, a flicker in dimly lit nights,  
Guides their way through mute delights.

A gentle touch, a tender plea,  
A subtle moment of solace, free.  
In whispers shared, a soul's reprieve,  
A fragile respite, a sigh, believe.

So, let us hear the subtle plea,  
For empathy, strong as the sea.  
And in the subtlest acts of grace,  
May we find solace in this shadowed space.

## **Enchanted Heart.**

In a realm of mystic wonders, where dreams are spun like gold,  
Where unicorns graze in meadows, and tales of valor are told,  
There lived a youthful spirit, a beacon shining bright,  
With hopefulness as his armor, and courage as his guiding light.

With eyes that mirrored starlight, and a heart so fierce and bold,  
He traversed enchanted forests where secrets were all untold,  
Through treacherous mountains, he climbed, with a spirit that soared,  
Breathing life into the stories, once whispered but now roared.

His steps upon the cobblestones reverberated like a drum,  
As he walked in lands enchanted, where few have dared to come,  
From ethereal groves, he'd gather the tender unseen tales,  
Of mythical creatures dwelling in hidden, secret vales.

He'd chase the fleeting moonbeams through the canopy of trees,  
And dance with silver moonlight amidst the fragrant breeze,  
For he believed in wonders, where others saw but dust,  
A dreamer in the daylight, a poet with a heart robust.

Where hope had been extinguished, he'd kindle a flame anew,  
Breathing life to the disillusioned, with dreams that once seemed few,  
For he knew in youthful whispers, there lay immense power,  
To shape a world of fantasy, blossoming like a flower.

He'd conjure up illusions with the flicker of his hand,  
Writing verses on the canvas of an unseen, magical land,  
Enchanting all who'd listen, with his voice like a melodic bell,  
His siren's song entwined, with the stories he'd forever tell.

With unwavering optimism and resilience as his might,  
He defended realms of wonder, like a guardian in the night,  
He'd shatter oppressive nightmares, with just a fearless stare,  
With each breath a symphony, for joy and love to share.

And while time stole the innocence that once adorned his face,  
His spirit burned ever brighter, with hopefulness in a chase,  
For youth is not a fleeting flame, but a treasure to be held,  
Forever in inner chambers, where dreams and stories meld.

So let us listen closely, to the tales he spins with glee,  
For within his words lie magic, a world too vast to see,  
And may his youthful whispers inspire hearts both old and true,  
That the dreams we hold inside us may become reality too.

### **What You Don't See.**

In the heart of a dark forest, where shadows sing,  
Beneath the moon's gentle beam, hope does spring.  
A realm unseen by mortal eyes, yet so alive,  
Where secrets whispered by leaves, finally arrive.  
Amidst towering trees, strong and evergreen,  
A symphony of life resonates, yet remains unseen.  
For in this mysterious abyss, where darkness thrives,  
A tapestry of dreams and aspirations quietly survives.

Through dampened soil and forgotten trails,  
Lies a sanctuary where hope is unveiled.  
Each step reveals wonders tucked away,  
Alive with potential, begging to sway.

In the depths of the unknown, courage is found,  
For the forest's call is an enchanting sound.  
Where light pierces through the dense canopy,  
Painting vibrant hues over branches that reach free.

In the company of whispers and mystical embrace,  
Nature nurtures hope, the elixir we chase.  
For beneath moss-covered stones and hidden nooks,  
An unseen resilience thrives, like bubbling brooks.  
Creatures dance and flutter through the night,  
Invoking a sense of wonder, igniting delight.  
Their songs of hope are sung with melodies pure,  
Inspiring weary souls to endure and endure.

And as sunbeams break through the forest's embrace,  
Hope emerges, casting away darkness and space.  
For beneath the tallest trees, dreams take flight,  
Guiding us toward a future, bathed in endless light.

So venture forth into the dark forest unknown,  
Where hope's seed is nurtured, lovingly sown.  
For within its depths, a promise blooms and grows,  
A testament to all the magic that this world bestows.

### **Life.**

In the twilight years of aged fears,  
Dwells a man, with eyes that shed no tears.  
His bones creak like the sky's aging bow,  
While whispers of time through his veins flow.  
He walks the paths of yesteryear's fleet,

With trembling steps, each one bittersweet.  
Shadows embrace him, stealing warmth and light,  
As he waltzes with the ghosts of the night.

Afraid he is, of Death's looming call,  
A specter that lurks, waiting to enthrall.  
His heart weeps with burdened melodies,  
As memories fade like autumn's leaves.  
With each tick of the clock, the fear strikes deep,  
The specter whispers, urging him to sleep.  
Questions echo within his weary mind,  
What lies beyond, when Heavens unwind?

He looks into the mirror, lines etched deep,  
His soul a tapestry, secrets it keeps.  
Aging hands tremble, touching wrinkled skin,  
As he wonders if life's light will ever dim.  
But in the depths of his weary heart,  
A flame flickers, a tiny work of art.  
A spark of hope, like a fire's gentle gleam,  
Reminds him life's beauty is but a dream.

For when the final curtain comes unwound,  
And silence whispers, wrapping worlds unsound,  
He'll find solace in the symphony of breath,  
From ashes to stars, life conquers Death.  
So let him explore the final frontier,  
Embracing life's echoes, embracing his fear.  
And on those twilight nights, with moonlit skies,  
He'll find the courage to bid Death goodbye.